

DAVID'S
LAMENTATION

OVER

SAUL and JONATHAN.

ORATORIO.

By Mr. LOCKMAN.

The Music by Mr. SMITH.

Performed at

HICKFORD's Great Room, in *Brewer-street.*

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for the AUTHOR, by H. WOODFALL, jun. in
Little-Britain, M.DCC.XL.

[Price Six-pence.]

LAMENTATION

OVER

SAUL and JOATHAM

The VOCAL PERFORMERS:

Mrs. ARNE.

Mr. BEARD.

Mr. RUSSEL.

Mr. REINHOLD, &c.

By Mr. F. O. G. M. A. N.

The Music by Mr. S. M. I. H.

Performed at

HICKFORD'S Great Room, in Bury Street

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DAVID'S LAMENTATION

O V E R

SAUL and JONATHAN.

CHORUS.

SING sacred Prophet, the Defeat of Saul,
His bleeding Death, and mighty Israel's Fall.
Sing holy David, lost to all Relief:
Describe his flowing Tears, and generous Grief,

B R E C I

RECITATIVE.

Now *Saul* was by the proud *Philistines* slain,
 And *David* march'd in Triumph from the Plain,
 When an *Amalekite*, who late had fled,
 (His Garments torne, and Earth upon his Head)
 Approaching *David* low Obeisance paid,
 Then, to the prostrate Youth, the Chieftain said —
 Whence art thou come? The prostrate Youth reply'd,
 From *Israel's* Camp, once-dreaded *Israel's* Pride:
 How, says the Chieftain, did the Battle go? —
 Alas! he cries, my Story bleeds with Woe.

A I R.

Israel is fallen, is undone:
Part are smitten, Part are fled:
Mighty Saul; His darling Son:
Both are vanquish'd, both are dead.

RECITATIVE.

David resum'd (his Soul afflicted fore)
 How know'st Thou that the Princes are no more?
 The Man rejoyns; --- As late I chanc'd to stray
 O'er lofty *Gilboa's* ever-devious Way,
 Behold *Saul* lean'd on his oft-lifted Spear,
 (Chariots and Horsemen thund'ring on his Rear.)

The

(5)

The King looks back, and seeing me, he cries,
Come forward Youth; ---- On swiftest Feet I rise. ----
Arriv'd: ---- says *Saul*, who art Thou? ---- Use no Fraud?
I answer: ---- an *Amalekite*, my Lord. ----
The King then sigh'd, as tho' his Heart were broke;
Tears pearl'd his Eyes, and thus he faintly spoke.

A I R.

*Swift indulge thy cruel Aid
To a Prince with Grief oppress'd:
In my Bosom sheathe thy Blade;
Pierce my Heart, and give me Rest.*

RECITATIVE.

Seeing the King thus tortur'd in his Mind,
To ease his crouding Woes I soon inclin'd,
Knowing that his great Soul cou'd ne'er survive
This Overthrow, and with Afflictions strive. ----

A I R.

*Fortune's Frowns, when most unkind,
Sooner sink a lofty Mind,
Than the lowly Soul, resign'd.*

Fires

*Fires fierce-flashing from the Sky, on high
 Level first, as wide they fly,
 Domes, whose Summits brave the Sky.*

RECITATIVE.

I now advance, irresolutely-flow,
 Afraid, and yet resolv'd, to strike the Blow.----
 My Hand's congeal'd.---He cries: Act well thy Part: ----
 Amaz'd!-----I send the Dagger to his Heart.
 Trembling, I strip the Coarse; then, instant, flee,
 And thus devote the precious Spoils to Thee.

A I R.

RECITATIVE

*Take this Bracelet, deck thine Arm,
 Saul's it never more will bind.
 Take this Crown, that powerful Charm
 To a Throne-aspiring Mind.*

RECITATIVE.

A I R.

Struck as with Thunder, *David* rends his Clothes,
 And calls for Vengeance on th' insulting Foes.
 His Men are mov'd, with Sighs their Bosoms heave;
 Silent they weep, and humbly fast'till Eve.

CHORUS

(7)

CHORUS.

*For Saul, for Jonathan, they fast, they weep;
For Israel's House their Sighs no Measure keep;
For God's own People ceaseless Anguish feel,
'Cause all are fall'n by the destructive Steel.*—

RECITATIVE.

Says *David*, whence art Thou? — The Youth goes on: ---
I'm an *Amalekite*, a Stranger's Son. ---
Ah! (cries the Chieftain) Wretch! what hast Thou done! }

AIR.

*How cou'd Conscience check her Stings,
When thou temptedst to destroy
God's Anointed, Chief of Kings;
Saul, who form'd a Nation's Joy?*

RECITATIVE.

Then *David* the *Amalekite* survey'd;
Look'd pensive round, and to a young Man said,
Advance: unsheathe thy Sword. — The Man obey'd.
Plunge, plunge it deep, cry'd *David*, in his Side: ---
He smote the Regicide, he fell: he died. --- }

AIR.

*Swift he fell, in early Bloom,
A just Victim, to the dark, the silent Tomb.*

C

Tremble

*Tremble Mortals, nor thus dare;
Shield good Sovereigns: Be their Lives your darling Care.*

RECITATIVE.

*The Chieftain then:—Thy Blood be on thy Head,
For Thou a Monarch's sacred Blood hast shed;
As thine own Lips now testify'd too plain,
Saying, the Lord's Anointed I have slain.—*

A I R.

*Trait'rous Rage, thy Bosom fring;
Fury all thy Soul inspiring;
Urg'd Thee to this horrid Deed.
Gentle Pity, heav'n-descending,
Justly all the Good befriending,
Thee to save, in vain would plead.*

RECITATIVE.

*Here David, fix'd in Grief, with humid Eyes,
O'er Saul and Jonathan thus breath'd his Sighs.*

D U E T.

*Sad Israel! thy Beauty's Pride,
On yon high Mountain bleeding lies.
How have the mighty Warriors died!
No weeping Friend to close their Eyes.*

REC I-

RECITATIVE.

Never, O never ! let this Guilt be known
 In *Gath*, nor spread in scoffing *Askalon* ;
 Left the *Philistine* Daughters lift their Voice,
 The Daughters of th'Uncircumcis'd rejoyce.

A I R.

*On Thee, Mount Gilboa, May nor Dews,
 Nor quick'ning Rain from Heaven be shed,
 To feed thy Plants ; to cheer thy Views :
 Nor Fields of Offering grace thy Head.*

*For, on thy Steep, the Shield of Saul,
 Of mighty Saul is cast away ;
 As tho' he'd not been crown'd with Oil,
 Nor blest'd by Heav'n's applauding Ray.*

RECITATIVE.

The Bow fam'd *Jonathan* so strongly drew,
 Discharg'd sure Death, which swift as Light'ning flew :
 Where'er the Splendors of his Faulchion play'd,
 Rank fell on Rank, and all were breathless laid.

His

His Bow, his Sword, immortal Dangers fought ;
And conquer'd 'em, 'cause they for *Israel* fought----
Father and Son possess'd each other's Mind,
So sweet a Harmony their Souls combin'd :
This, in the strongest Friendships, had been try'd,
So strong, Death's Iron Hand cou'd ne'er divide.

A I R.

*O the Sweets in Friendship found !
Blissful Sweets, an endless Round,
When two Hearts, as one unite,
Source, to each, of true Delight.
Other Pleasures must decay,
(Idle Pageants of a Day ;)
Those of Friendship never die,
But, with Souls, ascend the Sky.*

RECITATIVE.

In manly Exercises both excell'd,
And with like Force a Combatant repell'd.
Swifter than Eagles when they dart their Way ;
Than Lions stronger, when they fight for Prey.

A I R.

(11)

AIR.

*Daughters of Israel, weep o'er Saul,
Who cloath'd you in the brightest Dyes;
With Sighs on Sighs bemoan his Fall,
Whose Smile was Glory to your Eyes.
Weep o'er his Urn, whose dearest Care,
Was to improve the op'ning Mind;
To make you virtuous as you're fair,
And be the Wonder of your Kind.*

Daughters of Israel, &c. by way of Chorus.

RECITATIVE.

How are the Mighty fallen ! O how slain,
'Midst the wild Horrors of th'embattled Plain !
O *Jonathan* ! so cruel was the Dart,
All *Israel* bled when it transfix'd thy Heart,----
My Soul, young Prince, is deep distress'd for Thee;
For thine, too often, was distress'd for Me.
Thy pleasing Converse charm'd my Woes to Rest,
And wak'd the sweetest Transports in my Breast.
Not the fond Love of Virgins when they pine
For absent Youths, cou'd be compar'd to Thine.

D

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*How are the Mighty fallen! O how slain!
Their Arms at random tost!
Their glitt'ring Trophies lost!
How bleed their Hearts on the inglorious Plain!*

S I N I F

RECITATIVE.



CH O-